

THE
NEW-YORK
WEEKLY MUSEUM,
OR
POLITE REPOSITORY
OF
AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

VOL. III.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1816.

NO. 17.

Valmore and Julia.

(Concluded from our last.)

—
“IT is over: you have removed the veil that concealed your real sentiments, and from this moment I tear asunder the ties that attached me to you. The purity of my own mind made me think your’s virtuous. In that idea I found an excuse for my weakness, and gave myself up to the delightful thought of being beloved by the worthiest of men; this was a consolation for all my sorrows, and I should have cherished it to my latest hour.— But you have banished this illusion, and in its room have shewn me a wretch, who would lead my unsuspecting fondness to shame and misery: that would load me with the reproaches of my injured parents, and attempt to disgrace a respectable family, by bringing infamy on myself. This, inhuman as you are, is the return you make for tenderness like mine!

“Contemptible as you are, I still pity you; my tears at this moment will not be restrained; but I will dry their

source, by banishing your idea from my heart. Adieu, for ever!

JULIA.”

The instant stroke of lightning could not have had a more sudden, nor, indeed, a much more fatal effect upon Valmore, than the perusal of these lines:

The damps of death bedewed his face,
He sighed, he groaned, he fell!

The good folks of the cottage where he lodged ran to his assistance, and brought him back to misery. On the instant he wrote to his offended fair one, in the following terms;

“The wretch who has offended Julia does not deserve to live! nor will he longer endure a being which her contempt has rendered odious to him.— But before he takes his everlasting leave of all his heart holds dear, examine his offence, and try if you have not misjudged him, and mistaken the innocent ardour of his passion for the artful plan of a seducer.

“I cannot bear the thought, nor will I attempt to excuse what you think criminal. You have withdrawn your

love ; my life depended on that only. The moment I receive a confirmation of that cruel sentence, my death shall rid you of a being that must be hateful to you, and in the grave, at least I shall clude your hate. Adieu, forever !

— VALMORE."

He had no sooner dispatched the letter, than the agitation of mind he had suffered began to operate upon his body : he was seized with a fever, and became delirious in a few hours. The tender Julia was almost as much distracted as her lover, when she had read his letter ; she feared the violence of his resentment at her unjust suspicions, might tempt him to destroy himself, and willingly would she have laid down her life to have saved his.

Her father and mother were at that time on a visit. What hindered her seeing him once more, granting his pardon, and bidding him farewell forever ? No time was to be lost ; she mounted behind his servant, and arrived at the cottage where he lay, as quick as the horse's speed could carry her. Valmore, as I have already said was senseless, but her loved voice soon lured his reason back, and the soft tears she shed upon his cheek dispelled the fever's rage ; she gave him leave to plead his pardon as soon as his health would permit, and gave him a key which would open an entrance to her father's garden where he should come at midnight, before he set out for the army, and receive her last adieu.

Need I say that Julia's presence, as if by magic, restored the health and happiness of Valmore ? He availed himself of her permission to sue his pardon at her feet on the ensuing night, and many interviews ensued ; at each

of which Julia became less shocked at the idea which had at first so much alarmed her prudence. To be short, she at length consented to elope, and the lovers set out accordingly for Falaise.

Valmore truly loved his mistress ; his behaviour to her therefore, during their long journey was bounded by the most respectful tenderness, which, however, could not dissipate the sorrow she felt, from the consciousness of having acted wrong. The moment they arrived Falaise, Valmore left Julia at the inn, and flew to his uncle's house. He was received with the most cordial caresses by the old gentleman till the impatient youth, declared the occasion of his visit, and implored his parental protection for one far dearer than himself. The scene was quickly changed ; instead of caresses, he was loaded with reproaches, and bade to fly with his infamous companion forever from his sight.

At his return to the inn, Julia read her fate in Valmore's looks ; he was incapable of revealing the anguish of his mind by words ; he threw himself at her feet, and bathed them with tears. " I know it all (said she ;) we are completely ruined, we have offended heaven, and deserve our punishment—I became a sharer in your guilt, from the moment I calmly listened to the fatal proposal that has undone us both.—But I will not reproach you."

The unhappy fugitives passed the night in tears, without being able to form any plan for their future conduct, or subsistence ; towards morning they retired to separate chambers, and Valmore's exhausted spirits were refreshed by a profound slumber. It was late

when he awoke, and the first object that struck his sight, was a letter that had been thrust under the door of his chamber; he took it hastily up, and read as follows:—

“Return thanks to heaven, my dear Valmore, for the happy resolution with which it has inspired me. Those illusions of felicity with which we flattered ourselves are vanished, and in their room the most horrid realities remain for both, if we continue together. My flight will prevent your misery, and may in time secure my repose; at least I will bury my faults and my shame together in a cloister.

Adieu!

Strive to forget the unhappy

JULIA!”

I will not pretend to describe Valmore's situation when he had read this fatal billet; suffice it to say, that it was very little short of distraction. He flew to the adjacent convents, and made fruitless enquiries for his Julia; no one could give him tidings of her. He questioned every human creature he met on the highways if they had seen his love; and for many months continued his vain pursuit, without ever sleeping under a roof; his countenance became ferocious, and his figure squalid, so as to inspire every one who saw him with horror.

After enduring a variety of misery, and being totally devoid of the means of subsistence, he enlisted as a common soldier in a regiment which was then going to serve in Germany. During the campaign he sought death, even in the cannon's mouth, in vain; all that he wished eluded his pursuit, and he dragged on a wretched existence in despite of himself. In this

deplorable state he continued almost five years, till at the conclusion of the war, the army marched into winter quarters at Frankfort.

Valmore's despair alone could withstand the joy that then universally reigned in that great city; he shunned the haunts of men, and lived in the woods alone. He happened in one of his sequestered walks to see his colonel drive by with a lady in a chariot, and he paid with sullenness the usual compliment of a salute to his commander. On the instant his eyes seemed fascinated; the form of Julia appeared to his bewildered imagination, a thick darkness over-shadowed his sight, and he sunk senseless to the earth.

The colonel ordered one of his servants to dismount, and take care of Valmore—When he came to himself, he eagerly enquired who the lady was that he had seen in the chariot; and was informed, that she was a lady of easy virtue, whom Mons. de Farbanne his colonel, was remarkably fond of. He then exclaimed aloud, “It is impossible! dear shade, forgive the injury which for a moment my rash thoughts have done thee.”

On his return to Frankfort, the likeness between Julia and the lady he had seen, still haunted him, and he resolved to clear his doubts by an interview. The next morning he found out her house, and desired permission to see her: she immediately supposed he brought some message from his colonel, and permitted his admission to her presence. She was alone; he gazed on her till all his doubts were passed, and then with streaming eyes addressed her thus: “Ah, Julia! have

these tears flowed for thy loss so long, to find thee thus ! Is this the cloister in which you wished to bury the hapless errors of an innocent love ? And didst thou leave the chaste, the tender arms of the despairing Valmore to plunge into the horrors of vice and infamy ?”

Though the change which so many years of misery had wrought in Valmore, prevented her knowing him at first, his accents and his words quickly recalled his former image to her recollection and made her rush into his arms, exclaiming aloud, “ It is my Valmore !” Then tearing herself from him, she threw herself on a couch, burst into tears, and turned away her face. “ Cruel Julia,” said Valmore, “ wouldst thou again deprive me of thy sight ?”

“ Yes,” she replied, “ I wish to fly from thee, of all mankind, because I am unworthy of thy love, and have forfeited every claim to my own esteem, as well as thine ; thy contempt, my own, and that of all that know me, is my portion. Yet heaven is my witness, that when I quitted thee, I meant to consecrate my heart to God, and in a convent expiate the crime of having disobeyed my parents, for that thou knowest was then the only guilt my soul was conscious of.

“ In vain did I repeatedly implore admittance at different monasteries ; my dress, my youth, and even my beauty, were objections to my being received into any. I had no means of assuring them that my pension would be paid ; and they seemed to consider me as a wretch that had been seduced from virtue, who might possibly carry about me the effect of my supposed crime,

and disgrace their community. In consequence of these reiterated disappointments, I returned to the inn where I had left you ; but you had fled from thence like an arrow in the air, and left no trace behind.

“ Distracted with my grief, and not knowing whither to direct my steps, I wandered on resolving to lie down and die, when my poor feeble limbs could not convey me farther.—That hour approached, I breathed a prayer for you, and sat me down beside a little brook, hoping each sigh I drew would be my last. A chaise came driving on. I had not strength to move out of the way, though called to by the postilions. The horses stopped to water. A lady who was in the carriage gazed upon me, and became interested by my appearance ; she spoke to me with kindness. I answered not but by tears.—She alighted and took me by the hand, bid me be of comfort, and pressed me to accept a seat in her carriage to the next inn, where she would endeavour by any means in her power to be serviceable to me.

The voice of pity soothed my breaking heart, and as well as I was able I expressed my gratitude and accepted her offer. To be short, I acquainted her with my distressful story, concealing only my name and family. She conveyed me to her house at Rouen, and treated me like a sister. But judge of my distress Valmore, when I discovered that my amiable benefactress, though she possessed all others, was deficient in the most material of all female virtues ! A thousand times did I resolve to quit her ; but the charms of her conversation, the gentleness of

her manners, and, above all, her generosity and kindness to me, prevented me. Vice is contagious; spare my confusion, Valmore, and guess the rest."

"If you have virtue enough left, said Valmore, to blush at your unhappy situation, you surely will consent to quit it. Fly, my adorable Julia! fly from the paths of vice! renounce the gilded trappings, these marks of infamy; repent in humble poverty; strive to atone thy crimes by patient suffering and in thy faithful lover's arms regain thy virtue." "Heaven," said Julia, "is witness of my sincere repentance; but whither shall we fly?"

As she pronounced these words, Colonel Farbanne entered. He stood amazed at seeing Valmore, and observed that they were both dissolved in tears; then turning to him said, "What dost thou here? begone this instant!" "Do you begone!" said Valmore, "vice is forbidden now to enter here."—"What means this insolence?" replied the Colonel, and raised his cane to strike at Valmore, who at that moment drew his sword, saying "The very garb he wore, forbade his receiving the indignity he had offered, and bid him instantly defend himself." The Colonel drew, and in a moment Valmore's too furious arm directed his weapon's point to his antagonist's heart, who fell dead on the instant.

Valmore was quickly seized, torn from his Julia's arms, who begged to accompany him and was thrown into a dungeon. A court-martial was immediately called, and he was sentenced to be shot on the next day. He received his sentence with firmness. The hope he felt of having recalled his beloved

Julia to the paths of virtue, sat smiling at his heart. He marched to execution between two ranks of his former fellow soldiers with a manly step and an elevated air. His eyes alone were dry.

As he approached the fatal spot, he heard a tumultuous sound. He turned his head and saw a woman pale and dishevelled, rushing through the croud; he heard his name pronounced by a soft dying voice, and at that instant Julia caught him in her arms. Exhausted, trembling, sighing, she expired, and sunk upon the earth never to rise again. The now distracted Valmore could not support her in his eager arms, for they were pinioned, he threw himself on the ground beside her, and fell into strong convulsions. Insensibility succeeded these emotions; he was remanded back to prison, and ere the day's dawn, his spirit was released from his poor suffering clay, and free to seek the kindred soul of Julia.

BIOGRAPHY.

SKETCH OF THE CHARACTER OF THE
LATE MRS. ROBERTS; BY MRS. OPIE.

(Concluded from our last.)

I scarcely know any one so averse as she uniformly was to believe a tale to the disadvantage of another; and when forced to give credit to such tales by incontrovertible evidence, it is certain that she never took pleasure in repeating them. When communications were of doubtful authority, she never fell into that common fault of saying to her conscience, "I am sure I do not believe it: it cannot possibly be true, but I have heard so and so; weakly imagining, as persons in general do,

that the affected candour of disbelieving the tale takes away the guilt of relating it. And when indisputable evidence authorised her to relate what she had heard, she was never eager to spread the information; for her good taste, as well as her good feelings, made her dislike to dwell on the crimes or foibles, even of those of whom she had no knowledge; and as she was certainly not less generous to her acquaintances and friends, she inspired confidence as well as affection in all who approached her. Those who knew her the best were the most inclined to rely upon her candour, as on a staff which would always support them; and they also knew that hers was the "charity that covereth a multitude of sins;" and hers the piety which led to that *forbearing* charity also, which suffereth long, and is kind, "which is not easily provoked;" but which thinketh no evil, but ever keeps in remembrance that *holy rule* for the government of the tongue, "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

The most suspicious, the most apprehensive, left her presence devoid of fear, lest their departure should be the signal for an attack on their manner, their person, their dress, or their character; they knew that if she spoke of them at all, it would be to praise them, and to call into notice some good, or some attractive quality. Yet her kindness to the absent was not the result of want of power to amuse the person by exhibiting the foibles, or peculiarities, of the departed guests in a ludicrous, or powerful manner; for, if ever justice warranted her to be severe on the vices or follies of others, no one could hold them up to ridicule

with more wit, or greater success. Indeed, it is commonly those who are most able to be severe with *effect*, whose benevolence and whose principles forbid them the frequent and indiscriminate use of their power.

If it was thus safe and pleasant to be the acquaintance of Mrs. Roberts, how much more delightful was it be her friend and her companion?

She always seemed to prosper herself in the prosperity of her friends; she identified herself so intimately with them, that their joy was her joy, their sorrow her sorrow, their fame her fame. Never did she abuse the familiarity of friendship so far as to wound the self-love of those whom she professed to regard, by needlessly uttering to them mortifying truths; never did she make herself the vehicle of others' malice, by repeating to them a cruel or severe remark which she had heard concerning them. *Her* lips, *her* eyes were guiltless of

"The hint malevolent, the look oblique,
The obvious satire, the implied dislike,
The taunting word whose meaning kills."

It was the constant wish of her benevolent nature to be the means of as much innocent enjoyment as she could to all with whom she associated; and one felt so certain that her kindness was ever on the alert to veil one's foibles, and show one's good qualities to the best advantage, as moonlight casts a favourable shade over mean objects, and adds new beauty and new grandeur to objects of importance, that to be with her was a gala-time to one's self-love: and, perhaps, some of the charm which her society possessed was owing to her wish and her ability, not only to appreciate her associates

according to the exorbitant demands of self-approbation, but also to her power of making them *feel* that she did so. Yet still she was no *flatterer*. Where she bestowed praise, or felt affection, she had first reasoned, or deceived her understanding, into a belief that praise and affection were most righteously deserved. She seemed indeed to live more than any one I ever saw, in a little world of her own creation; whose inhabitants were clothed by her beneficent fancy in virtues, talents, and graces, such as real life scarcely ever displays; and losing her natural acuteness of discrimination in her wish to believe her dreams realities, she persisted often to reject the evidence of her experience.

"And thought the world without like that within.

The other line of this couplet applies to her with equal justice; for her mind was

"So pure, so good, she scarce could guess at sin.

Nor was it likely to run any risk of contamination; since she possessed that *quiet, mild* dignity of carriage and expression, which had power, without offending, to awe the *boldest* into propriety, and to give the tone insensibly to the conversation even of the *volatile* and the *daring*.

To have known a woman so amiable and so admirable, will always be amongst the most pleasing recollections of my life, and to have lost her so soon, one of my most lasting regrets. Similarity of pursuits endeared us to each other, and did for our intimacy what is usually effected only by the slow hand of time. When we first met, we soon forgot that we had

not met before, and a few years gave to our friendship a solidity and a truth, commonly the result of long acquaintance alone.

But the regret which I still feel for her loss, has been in some measure solaced by my having been called upon, at the earnest desire of her husband, anxious for the same, and soothed by the contemplation of the virtues of his wife, to pay this tribute to her memory, and give the following manuscript to the world. The latter task is one which I seemed peculiarly fitted to undertake, because my lamented friend read the M. S. aloud to me during the last moments which I passed in her society, and she confided to me her intentions with respect to the principal characters.

I have merely to add, that after an illness of only three weeks' duration, and one to all appearance not attended with danger, she sunk unconsciously into the grave, lamented not only by her husband and the friend who fondly watched beside her bed of death, but by a far, far-spreading circle of friends and acquaintances, over whose prospects the unexpected loss of such a joy-diffusing being cast a thick and sudden darkness, and which must have been felt in order to be conceived.

She was buried in the family-vault at Boxford, by the side of her parents and of her sister, the sister of her virtue and her talents, Louisa Carter, who departed this life on the 23d of November, 1810, whom she survived only two years and ten months.

The memorandum which she left behind her relative to the disposal of some of her effects after her death,

began with the following words, which she designed should be her epitaph : "I look for the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come ;" testifying thereby her belief in that gospel, according to whose precepts she regulated her life, and whose hopes, had consciousness been permitted to her, could not have failed to irradiate the closing scene of her existence.

ADVENTURES OF A FAMILY BIBLE.
RELATED BY ITSELF.

Various have been the adventures of beings and things, not more important than myself, which have been obtruded on the public ; and therefore I hope my story will be heard with patience, if not with pleasure. It shall be as concise as possible—embelishment would ill become me.

I was produced to light in the reign of James I. and being a new translation of an excellent original work, which without boasting I may say is of divine authority, I was soon received into a worthy family, consisting of a venerable couple, and two sons and a daughter. The old people used to make their children read me, every Sunday, and at other times when they could find leisure. Their own eyes began to fail them ; but they constantly listened to me, commented to their family, on my beauties, and enforced the observance of my unerring precepts.

In this society I was much valued. I was handsomely bound, and ornamented with silver clasps. The names and ages of the young people were inscribed in my front : I was indeed

the depository of the family secrets ; and connections ; and when the father died, he left me to his only daughter.

She had then reached the twentieth year of her age. For some time after the loss of her parent, she was inconsolable, and referred to me for advice ; but, impressions of sorrow, by a natural elasticity, are soon effaced from the youthful breast. Her heart speedily admitted a new favourite. An officer in the army paid his addresses to her : they were soon married ; and though I was not discarded from the house, for more than twelve years, my clasps were scarcely opened.

The war breaking out between Charles and his parliament, the husband of my owner was soon called on duty. He fought for his King, and fell at the battle of Edgehill. My mistress was plunged into the deepest distress by this sad event ; and she began to think of me. Once more I assisted in drying her tears. I told her they should meet again. This hope was balm to her wounded spirit—She kissed me with rapture ; and during the remainder of her life, took me for her instructor and guide.

It happened, that in the succeeding interval of confusion, the property of my first possessor's family came into dispute. The register of a birth was wanting to complete the title ; and in the reign of Charles I. I was fortunately referred to, as being likely to furnish some domestic records.—I was brought into a court of justice, where I am seldom quoted, though often kissed. My evidence was admitted—and I felt happy in being instrumental in serving the descendants of my first master.

For some time after, I knew not what became of me. I was so little used that I fell into a trance : when I recovered, I found myself in the hands of a puritan ; from whom I learned, that none of my brethren had been much in vogue for many years ; that *something* called HUDIBRAS had been more esteemed ; and my present master talked of nothing but the profanation that had been offered me, and the indignities I had undergone. He, indeed, did not give me leave to sleep : I was constantly on his table ; and being a preacher, he took me every Sunday up into the pulpit with him, and beat me violently against the cushion. At this period, I certainly received a great share of external homage ; but from some things I observed in private, I had reason to conclude that my advice was much more talked of than valued—for I am of no sect ; but the friend, the comforter of all who attend to my precepts !

Had not my frame been strong, the puritan would have, perhaps, been my last master ; but I stood his rough usage without much injury ; and as I knew he did not mean to hurt me, I neither murmured nor complained. Many have been killed with kindness ; but it is so pleasant a kind of death, that most would envy it.

At the decease of the puritan, I was put up to sale in a lot with *Thomas Aquinas*, and some manuscripts against Popery. A Jesuit casting his eye on my companions, wished to be the purchaser, that he might have an opportunity of destroying the *impious* and *heretical* writings, which impugned the doctrines of the Holy See. The poor manuscripts met with no quar-

ter—they were immediately committed to the flames ; and English being little short of heresy, in my new master's opinion, I believe I was saved, rather out of regard to my binding than to my contents. *Thomas Aquinas*, however, was treated with great distinction : and for the first time, I found that the works of man were more valued than those of his maker. I had some hopes that I might have been able to infuse a spark of Christian charity into the Jesuit's heart ; but the authority of the church, in his sight, was more imperative than that on which it is pretended to be founded. I was at best neglected ; till a young fellow who occasionally used to dispute with my owner against religion in general, taking a fancy to my exterior, and understanding no language save that in which I was printed, received me as a present—probably in the hopes that I might have a chance of converting him to Christianity—and then the Jesuit might, with more facility, give him *his own* impression of it. Alas ! in the hands of this new and reprobate master, I experienced not only neglect but insult. I was never opened, except to be turned into ridicule, among his free-thinking companions. But as free thinking generally leads to free-action,—drunkenness, and every species of debauchery, soon set me free from the tyranny of this impious possessor—He early fell a martyr to his irregularities ; and in his last moments, seemed to wish to shew me some marks of his contrition ; but found his time too short, to be fully satisfied of my celestial comforts.

His mother was a worthy old woman ; and as I had belonged to a far

yourite, though an ungracious son, she highly valued me, as a relict ; but I must do her the justice to say, that she lived according to my rules, and left the world in peace ; firmly relying on the prospects which I held out in another and better state.

From this old lady, I passed into the hands of her waiting maid, with a strict injunction to attend to me, and to be a good girl. For some weeks, I was not a little caressed : wherever love or marriage was mentioned, I was sure to be read ; and I was indeed consulted as an oracle, in all that relates to what this world calls pleasures. It was soon found, however, that I gave no sanction to the irregular sallies of the heart, to a perverse disposition, or a deceitful conduct ; and therefore I soon ceased to please. The last and lowest vice that can degrade woman—a propensity to tippling, in a short space made it convenient for Abigail to pawn me. I was wrapped up in a petticoat ; and, together, we were received as pledges for a guinea. A commentator on the scriptures, many months after, passing the shop where I lay, unredeemed, turned his attention towards me ; I appeared of a size fit for his purpose, and was bought a great bargain.

None of those who had hitherto used me, had thought of soiling me ; but I was now filled with marginal notes and explanations. My light was frequently turned into darkness ; and those expressions which the most ignorant might have understood, were lost in a cloud of erudition, and tortured into meanings, which common sense would never have conceived. How ridiculous is the pride of human learning,

when applied to support particular tenets by scriptural annotations ! Can it be supposed that my divine Author would have left any doubt or difficulty in his own injunctions ; or given a chance to none but the learned to understand, what he has commanded all to practice ?

During some years, it was the chief pursuit of this learned gentleman to study me, and to confound my meaning ; or what was worse, to wrest it to his own pre-conceived opinions. He was, however, conscientious in what he did : he was blinded by his own sagacity—and as a monument of his labours, bequeathed me, at his death to the college library, to which he had formerly belonged.

Here I was admitted with great formality—deposited in a fine latticed case, among many of my brethren ; and for some time was occasionally consulted : but novelty wearing off, and my commentators hand, by the lapse of years, and the different form of writing, becoming too cramp to be easily made out—for the last century I have seldom been opened. The dust, indeed, is annually brushed off ; and at the visitation of the library, I am sometimes reported as full of old fashioned comments ; but few have the curiosity to examine them.

From this asylum I have neither wish nor hope of being liberated : I trust I have already done my duty, and made several persons better and wiser, in affairs of everlasting importance. If my history therefore should fail to amuse, it may possibly instruct, and this is all the distinction I crave.

The prejudices of men it was never my object to gratify, nor to flatter

their passions ; but happy are they, who entering into my benevolent views, lay hold on my eternal rewards.

VARIETY.

REQUITED LOVE.

WHAT words can be more delightful to the human ear, than the unexpected effusions of generosity and affection from a beloved woman ! A young gentleman after great misfortunes came to a lady he had long courted, and told her his circumstances were become so reduced, that he actually wanted five guineas. " I am very glad to hear it," said she. " Is this your affection for me !" he replied in a tone of despondency. " Why are you glad ?" " Because," she answered, " if you want five guineas, I can put you in possession of five thousand."

METAPHYSICS.

After all the advances in the science of metaphysics, so much boasted of in Scotch universities, it is not clear that the improvements in it have been such as to render obsolete the simple description of the blacksmith of Glamis : 'Twa fouk disputin thagither ; he that's listenin disna ken what he that's speakin means ; and he that's speakin disna ken what he means him self—that's Metaphysics."

A PAIR OF SPECTACLES

" Madam," said the keeper at the gate of Kensington gardens, " I cannot permit you to take your dog into the garden." " Dont you see, my good friend," said the lady, putting a couple of shillings into the keeper's hand, " that it is a cat, and not a dog ?" " Madam," said the keeper, instantly softening the tone of his voice, " I beg your pardon for my mistake ; I now see clearly, by the aid of the pair of spectacles you have been so good as to give me, that it is a cat, and not a dog."

A PUFF DIRECT.

AN itinerant pedlar, wishing to recommend his razors to the gaping crowd, thus addressed them :—" Gentlemen, the razors I hold in my hand were made in a cave by the light of a diamond in the famous province of Andalusia in Spain. They cut as quick as thought, and are as bright as the morning-star. A word or two more, and I am certain you will buy them : Lay them under your pillow at night, and you will find yourself clean shaved when you wake in the morning."

WIT.

Wit is a property, which, like grace, is universally acknowledged, always felt, but never defined. It is, to the mind, what the other is to the body ; and both are requisite to give that last high polish, without which, sense becomes heavy, and beauty insipid. Each quality has its degrees—and imitators should be careful that their attempts at grace do not degenerate into affectation, or those at wit into rudeness.

DESPAIR,—A FRAGMENT.

AH ! can I dear departed spirit, e'er forget thee ? Here we were wont to stray, blest in each other's love, beneath yon aged oak on whose projecting roots we have sat listening to the feathered songsters, returning to their straw built mansions, the distant murmuring of the waters, as they rolled in awful majesty, and showed the power of our great Benefactor ; the halloo of the returning huntsman, together with the noisy clamour of the shepherd's boy. Alas ! how often, how often have we conversed on the works of Providence, and in the language of Milton exclaimed, " These are thy glorious works, Parent of good, Power Almighty." Alas ! all is lost to me, my Julius is no more. But I will wander to his grave, and strew it with flowers, there will I die, and when the woodman shall return to his family, he will drop a tear over the tomb of the wretched—VIRGINIA.

Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

ZIDON AND KEZIA.

AN ANTEBILUVIAN TALE.

(Continued from our last.)

SHE was unhappy; by a warlike band
Torn in her youth from her own native land,
Still to her country's mountains turned her
eye

Where GOD was worshipped still in purity:
Kind were her captors, and this lonely vale
Screened her fair form from war's unhallow-
ed gale,

Yet still her heart was far, oh far away,
In the east chambers of the lord of day!
At early dawn, she fixed her azure eyes
Upon the glorious orb, to watch him rise,
And joyed to think, that he but lately shone
On those she dearly loved, and loved, alone!
Yet, as to mock her sight, the altar high
Flamed on the orient mountain to the sky;—
Not in the pure religion of her sires,
But to the orb of day arise those fires,
And white-robed priests, a gorgeous train,
surround

The glowing altar with their impious sound!
So when at eve, her trembling eye surveyed
The splendid monarch sinking into shade,
She shrunk, as o'er the purpled evening sky
The heathen strains again were heard on
high;

And to her valley sought the nearest road
There to hold converse with her Father's
God!—

There swelled once more her heart consoling
strain,

And slept, and dreamed of heaven, and home,
again.

But rumors told her an unhappy tale,
Wafted on wars tempestuous roaring gale,
That the fair country of her sires had too
Thrown off allegiance to their Monarch true,
And raised to idols altars red with fire,
Thus, like the rest of man, inflaming heaven
with ire:—

To crown the whole—that to this foreign
land

A hostile army came with spear and brand,

That war's rude scythe should soon bestrew
the mead
And verdant vale, with heaps of slaughtered
dead.

Still was the breeze that fanned fair KEZIA's
vale,

As woke the morn when horror swelled the
gale;

Mild from her couch of leaves the maiden
rose,

And thanked her Maker for her sweet repose
Chaunted the hymn to hail the rising day,
Such as from sainted lips may rise, her lay.

The sun rode high upon the eastern heighs,
The streams reflecting cast ten thousand
lights,

Upon the hill the maid was gathering flow-
ers,

And in her pious songs past on the hours;—
When lo! at distance far as eye could strain
A dusky cloud obscured the burnished plain,
Murmurs confused along the æther fly,
But nought distinct as yet could she descrie.
When at her side, upon her startled ear
Myriads of trumps and clarions sounded
near,

And a vast army wound along the hill,
A while then halted from their journey still.
These were no foes—two warriors soon ad-
vanced,

As on their costly helmets the sunbeam danced,
And cried—"O maiden! seek again thine
home;

"See'st thou' yon cloud!—from distant land
they come--

"Short time to spare, another hour may
prove

"How thick amid the fight the armies
move!"--

"--"Strangers,"-- she said,—"They come
from where ye bore

"My youthful limbs, some parted suns be-
fore:--

"From blooming Aden's hills of endless
green,

"Streams ever pure, and skies fore'er se-
rene;--

"I will behold the fight---perchance
among--"

The quick resounding trumpet stayed her
tongue.

The soldiers hastened to rejoin their line,
And now their onward spears and banners
shine.

She looked again ;--the distant cloud drew
near,
And helms and faulchions to her eye appear ;
And now th' invaded host a circle form,
Low in the vale, dark presage of the storm,
To wait the coming foe, and join the fight,
And wield those faulchions, and those banners bright.

(To be continued.)

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

THE FEMALE ORPHAN.

" And each tear mourns its own distinct distress,
" And each distress distinctly mourn'd, demands
" Of grief still more, as heighten'd by the whole."

YOUNG.

How silent and sad she passes along,
Unnotic'd and scorn'd by the pitiless throng,
No mother's soft hand her bosom to press,
No father's fond smile to light her distress,
No friends save one, who will check the cold
sighs,

Or dry the pure rill that falls from her eyes ;
She once knew the joy that a parent's home
gives,

But ah ! she shall know it no more while she
lives.

As the sun on his bow reclines to his rest,
He breaths his last warmth on her bare-beaten
breast,

And Eve's mounting gloom swells high with
despair,

And kills every hope that had been cherished
there ;

She that ere night had circled her round,
Perchance some dear friend or stranger had
found

Who would list to her tale, and give the
small mite,

To hush her cold form from the storm of
the night ;

Alas ! she finds none and where must she go,
To lay her wild heart, that is rending with
woe ;

Can nature exhausted sink down to repose,
Or the cold earthly turf her eyelids to close !
No, no, if she should, she would ne'er again
rise,

Except her pure soul, that would cleave to
the skies,

And oh, the poor orphan, whom pity knows
not,

How soon by her favourites now she's forgot ;
Despis'd by those friends whom once she
thought near,

For they too, like fortune have prov'd insincere,

And oh ! when she utter'd, " far better to die,
Than live without friends and be scorn'd by
each eye."

The accents that hung on each faint quivering
breath,

Seem'd struggling almost from the bosom
of death ;

But soon will her woes and afflictions all
cease,

And each heart bursting pang be mingled in
peace,

For the grave will soon press her cold form
to its breast,

And hush, like a mother her woes all to rest.

KOLLA.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

TO AN IGNORANT POET.

SON of Song ! thy quill is failing,
In thy shell no ink is found,
While, o cause more worth bewailing !
See thy wits have run aground.

On a barren region stranded,
Lo the bark is beating now,
While the power that erst commanded,
Helpless sees her overthrow.

Comes the god to save the Poet
He the laurell'd son of Jove ?
PHOEBUS, and he still will show it,
Ignorance may never move.

Tho' she be a spirit purest,
Though as blessed spirit fair,
PHOEBUS ! thou thy sons assurest
Fancy cannot feed on air.

Tho' thy harp awhile suspended
 Cheer no more the minstrel rapt,
 Is the strain forever ended?
 Shall the golden chord be snapt?

From Parnassus' lofty mountain
 Streams immortal pure and blest,
 Issue from a quenchless fountain,
 Of that fountain thou must taste.

O'er the rolling tide of ages
 Borne securely seek the lore
 In the deep illumined pages
 Of the "hero sage" of yore.

Then the deathless strain ascending
 Fear or failure hath not known,
 'Till with his own glory bending
 Phoebus hailed it as his own!

* Longinus.

N. N.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1816.

Intelligence.

The following is an extract from a merchant at Batavia dated 29th May last:—

"We have had one of the most tremendous eruptions of the mountain Tomboro, that ever perhaps took place in any part of the world; this mountain is situated on the Island of Sumbawa, which is distant from Batavia no less than 550 miles. We heard the explosion here distinctly and had some of the ashes. It was totally dark at Macassar long after the sun was up; and at noon, at Sounbaya, the sun succeeded in enlightening the good folks so far as to allow them to see some yards around; the ashes lay at Macassar, which is 250 miles from Sumbawa, 1 1-3 inches deep. Capt. Fenn, of the Despatch, and Capt. Eatwell of the Benaref, who have visited the island since the eruptions, both declared that the anchorage is much changed, and that they found the sea for so many miles round the island so completely covered with trunks of trees, pum-

ice stone, &c. as to impede materially the progress of the two ships. Captain Eatwell says, he was told that a village of rice was inundated, and had three fathoms water over it. Great numbers of the miserable inhabitants perished, and others die daily. The crops of paddy (rice) have been utterly destroyed over great part of the island, so that the situation of the unfortunate survivors will be really pitiable."—*Glasgow paper.*

A French paper states as a fact, the following trait of animal sagacity;—"In the night of the 22d Nov. there was a great fall of snow at Commercy, (Meuse,) for the first time this winter, and of such violence, that the ground was covered to a depth of eight or ten inches. When the Russian Dragoons stationed there, were taking their horses to water in the morning, these animals, surprised and delighted at a sight which doubtless reminded them of their country, began to prance, neigh, and roll themselves in the snow. A number escaped from the hands of their conductors, who had great difficulty in catching them again."

Accounts from the Havanna, informs, that the Citadel at Carthage held out after the surrender of the town, and was at length taken by assault, and its defenders put to the sword. But nothing is said of any massacre of women and children in the town—many persons it was known had gone from the place in vessels before it was taken possession of by the Royalists.

A late Boston paper says, a young seaman being pursued by another in sport, inadvertently leaped over the battlement, from the roof of a three story house in Fore street, and fell on the frozen ground! Altho' much bruised, he is likely to recover.

Curious Accident!—The following new and curious accident occurred in this village a few days past. A jug of water corked tight, had been set in a large stove to warm, where it was forgotten—it soon became heated, and exploded with great violence the stove

was demolished, and almost all the persons in the room were knocked down, and some of them very severely injured — *Plattsburgh paper.*

A CURE FOR THE QUINCY.

SIR—should the following be worthy a place in your paper, you will please to publish it, as I have proved the efficacy of it, having been afflicted more or less, for five years with the quincy, and for one year past been entirely relieved of any of its symptoms:

Take rosin, camphor, gum and honey, simmered together, spread it on a flannel cloth, and wear it on the part affected several days. I have never known it to fail.

ELI STEDMAN.

Rutland, (Ohio) Feb. 7.

Cure for a Felon, taken from the Orange County Republican of Nov. 1816. The following was taken from the paper of Deacon I. C. Lumberland, and published at his express request.

Take a piece of rock salt, about the size of a butternut, wrap it in a cabbage leaf, if to be had, if not, in a piece of wet brown paper; cover it with coals, as you would to roast an onion; after it has been roasting about twenty minutes, take it from the fire, and powder it very fine; mix it with as much common soap as will make a salve; if the soap be not pretty strong of turpentine, (which may be known by the smell) then add a little more to it. Apply the salve to the part affected; in the course of a few hours, and sometimes in a few minutes the pain will be relieved. After this, if a suppuration has taken place, it must be healed like a common sore.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several communications are on hand, which, not having been sent in season, must wait the order of time; and some must lay over for the want of that essential quality to please, which we are bound to judge of — Indeed, such seems to be the itch for attempts at rhyming, that we might fill double our poetical department with matter that would neither afford pleasure to the readers of the Museum, nor any merit to the authors. Communications, well written, and suitable, (if not too lengthy) will always be acceptable

Nuptial.

MARRIED.

At Trinity Church, by the rev. Dr. Howe, Abijah Hammond, esq. of West Chester, to Miss Margaret Aspinwall, youngset daughter of the late John Aspinwall, esq.

By the rev. Mr. Spring, Mr. Henry Dickenson, to Miss Ann Toll, both of this city.

By the rev. Dr. Milledoler, Capt. Robert Kitchen, to Miss Phoebe Cheetham, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Mortimer, Mr. Jesse Bunce, to Miss Francis Matilda Hoyt, both of this city.

At St. John's Church, by the rev. Mr. Berrian, the rev. E. Malbone Johnson, minister of St. James Church, Newtown, (L. I.) to Miss Maria Laidlie Johnson, daughter of the late rev. John B. Johnson.

By the rev. G. Seixas, Mr. N. Emanuel, merchant, of Charleston, to Miss Sarah Gomez, daughter of Mr. Isaac Gomez of this city.

Obituary.

The City Inspector Reports the death of 62 persons in this City, for the week ending on Saturday the 17th of February, 1816—of the following Diseases:

Apoplexy 2; catarrh 2; consumption 20; convulsions 1; dropsy 5; fever puerperal 1; hives or croup 2; jaundice 1; inflammation of the chest 2; intemperance 1; old age 2; pleurisy 3; pneumonia typhodes 2; rheumatism 1; small pox 11; sprue 1; syphilis 1; ulcer 1; whooping cough 2; worms 1;—Total 62.

DIED,

Mrs. Louisa Le Maire, consort of John Le Maire.

Mr. James Simmons, silver-smith, aged 36.

Miss Catharine Hughes.

Mr. Jacob Bradford, aged 44.

Mrs. Sarah Jennings, wife of Mr. Andrew Jennings, aged 45.

Mrs. Christiana Lindsay, wife of Mr. George Lindsey.

Mr. Robert Fisher, aged 36.

Mr. Charles Stoudinger aged 42.

Mrs. Naomi Dunbar, relict of Mr. Daniel Dunbar, aged 78.

Mrs. Phæbe Baldwin, relict of capt. Daniel Baldwin, aged 52.

Miss Magdalene Lagear, third daughter of Mr. John Lagear.

Mr. Benaiah D. Barton, in the 59th year of his age.

In the 57th year of her age Mrs. Mary Ball, wife of Mr. Archibald Ball.

[By Request.]

CAPTURE OF THE GUERRIERE.

Extracted from "The History of the War" about to be published by Mr. D. Longworth.

NOW it came to pass, on the nineteenth day of the eighth month, that one of the tall ships of Columbia, called the Constitution, carrying the destroying engines, commanded by Isaac, whose surname was Hull,

Having spread her snowy wings on the bosom of the mighty deep, beheld from afar one of the fighting ships of Britain, bearing the royal cross.

And the name of the ship was called in the language of the French *Guerriere*, and Dacres was the captain thereof.

Now when Dacres beheld the ship of Columbia, his eyes sparkled with joy, for he had defied the vessel of the provinces.

And he spake unto his officers and his men that were under him, saying, Let every man be at his post—and ere the glass hath passed the third part of an hour, her stripes shall cease to float in the air of heaven! and the yawning deep shall open its mouth to receive the enemies of the king.

And the men of Dacres shouted aloud, and drank of the strong waters of Jamaica, which maketh men mad—moreover they mixed the black dust therewith.

Now when Isaac drew nigh unto the king's ship, the children of Columbia shouted.

And Isaac bore down upon the strong ship of the king.

About this time they put the lighted match to the black dust of the destroying engines, and it was like unto a clap of thunder.

Moreover, the fire and smoke issued out of the mouths of the engines in abundance, so that they were overshadowed by the means thereof:—now the black dust was not known among the ancients—even Solomon in all his wisdom knew it not.

And the battle continued with tremendous roar, for about the space of half an hour, when the noises ceased.

But when the clouds of smoke had passed away, behold! the mighty *Guerriere* lay a sinking wreck upon the face of the waters.

The shadow of hope passed over her as a dream! and most reluctantly was she compelled to strike the lion's red cross to the eagle of Columbia.

Whilst the Constitution, like Shadrach in the fiery furnace, filled her white sails and passed along as tho' nought had happened.

Now the slain and the maimed of the king that day were five score and five.

And the loss of the children of Columbia was seven slain and seven wounded.

After this Isaac caused a burning coal to

be placed in the ship that she might be consumed, and the flames thereof mounted towards the heavens.

And the Great Sanhedrim honored Isaac with great honor, and the people were rejoiced in him and they forgot the evils which had befallen them in the north.*

But when the lords and the counsellors of Britain heard those things they believed them not—it was as the bitterness of gall to their souls—for the pride of Britain was fixed upon her navy—it was the apple of her eye!—

* Alluding to the capture of the American army under Gen. Hull, near Detroit.

A FAC-TOTUM.

A VAPOURING colonel of one of the city volunteer regiments, was complaining, in a very self-sufficient manner, that in consequence of the great negligence of his officers, he was obliged to do their duty, as well as his own. "I am," said he, "my own captain, my own paymaster, and my own ensign." "You may add, said a gentleman who knew his character well, "your own trumpeter."

THE MUSEUM

Is published every Saturday, by JAMES ORAM, No 102, Water-street, New-York. It forms two volumes annually, comprising together 832 octavo pages, or 416 each, including a Title-page and Index to each.

Each volume commences on the first Saturdays in May and November in every year.

The annual subscription of the Museum is only Three Dollars; as it certainly is the cheapest publication of any thing of the kind in the United States.

A paper resting its support solely on subscription, (to remunerate its publisher in the very great expense attending it,) requires at least that all who subscribe, should pay for it punctually; therefore to ascertain removals and prevent losses in season, it is hoped it will not be thought unreasonable, if our semi-annual collections in town should in future take place a little before the close of each volume. Subscribers out of the city pay (as usually) in advance. Such of those that wish their papers continued after the 1st of May next, are respectfully requested to send us due notice and the usual remittance.—We shall continue our best endeavours to give satisfaction, and on that ground solicit a continuance of their patronage.